HOW WOLFVILLE LIED WHEN WHISKEY BILLY DIED.

Being Mr. Dan Quin's Narrative of a Memorable Time in the History of the Cattlemen of That Section.

"Lies in the lump that away." said the first seeds when a drunken little party Old Cattleman, apropos of some slight comes staggerin' into camp from Red Dog. discussion we were engaged in, "is bad, Which this sot is not a stranger to us at an' make no doubt about it—that is, lies which is told malevolent.

"Now thar's a sort of rannikaboo liar on earth, an' I don't mind him nor his Billy." If he has a last name, which it is

things onworthy of him.

"Thar used to be a mendacious party who projects 'round Wolfville for awhile—
if I don't misrecollect he gets plugged standin' up a through stage, final—who is wont to lie so that we calls him 'Lyin Charlie.' But it's only meant to entertain you. Charlie is never really tryin' to get you on a wrong trall to your harm.

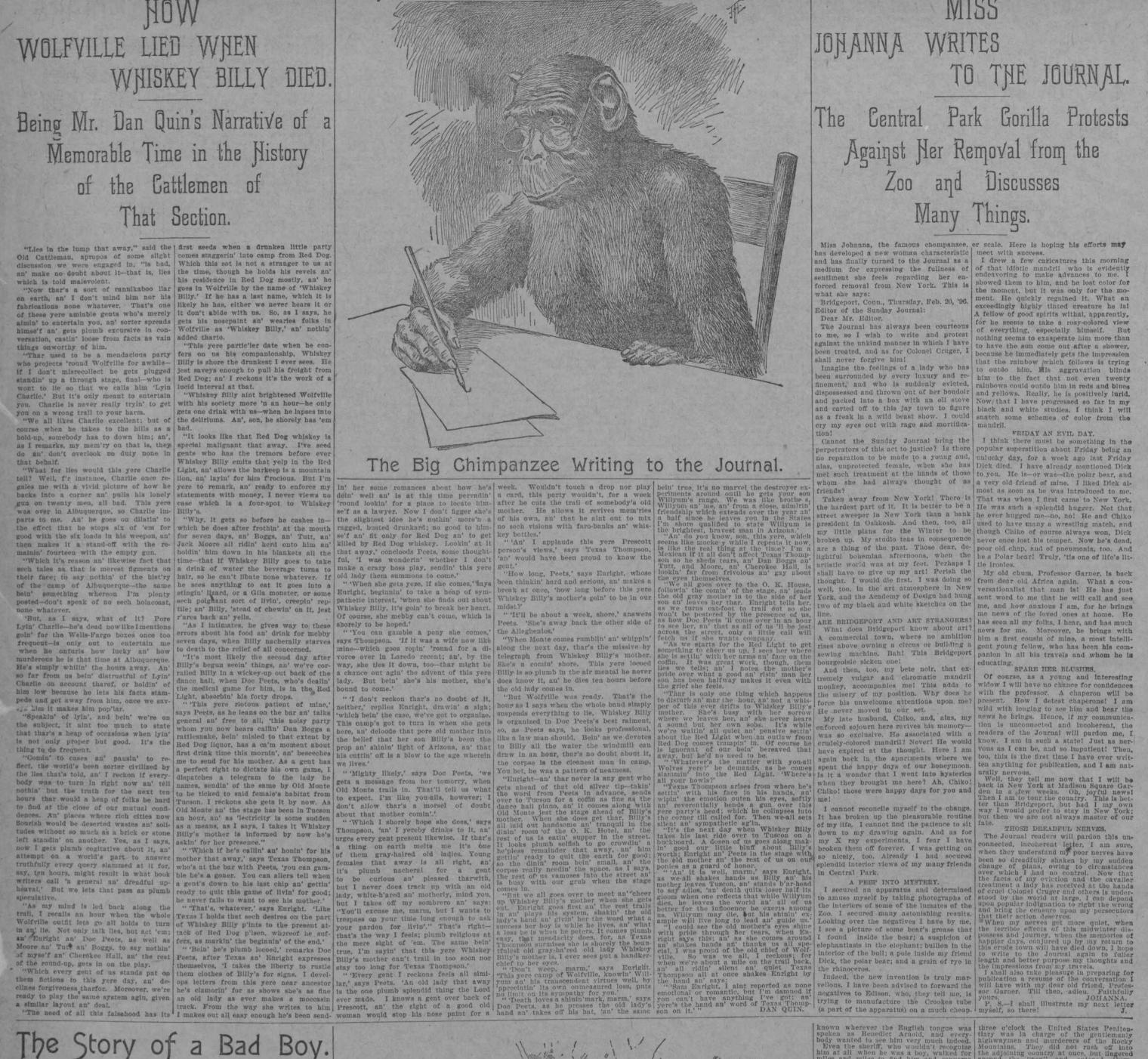
"We all likes Charlie excellent: but of course when he takes to the hills as a bad.

"This yere partic'ler date when he confers on us his companionship, Whiskey Billy shore the drunkest I ever sees. He jest saveys enough to pull his freight from Red Dog; an' I reckons it's the work of a lucid interval at that.

"Whiskey Billy aint brightened Wolfville yets one drink with us—when he lapses into the delirlums. An', son, he shorely has 'embad.

on earth, an' I don't mind him nor his fabrications none whatever. That's one of these yere aminable gents who's merely aimin' to entertain you, an' sorter spreads himse'f an' gets plumb excursive in conversation, castin' loose from facts as vain added tharto.

"This were partic'ler date when he contribles converting of him."



MISS

Central Park Gorilla Protests

Against Her Removal from the

Zoo and Discusses

Many Things.

Miss Johanna, the famous chompanzee, er scale. Here is hoping his efforts may has developed a new woman characteristic and has finally turned to the Journal as a medium for expressing the fullness of sentiment she feels regarding her enforced removal from New York. This is what she says:

Bridgeport, Conn., Thursday, Feb. 20, '96. Editor of the Sunday Journal:

Dear Mr. Editor.

The Journal has always been courteous for he seems to take a rosy-colored view

ANNAHOL

TO THE JOURNAL.

The Journal has always been courteous of everything, especially himself. But to me, so I wish to write and protest against the unkind manner in which I have been treated, and as for Colonel Cruger, I because he immediately gets the impression

shall never forgive him!

Imagine the feelings of a lady who has been surrounded by every luxury and refinement, and who is suddenly evicted, dispossessed and thrown out of her boudoir and packed into a box with an oil stove and carted off to this jay town to figure as a freak in a wild beast show. I could cry my eyes out with rage and mortification!

because he immediately gets the impression that the rainbow which follows is trying to outdo him. His aggravation blinds him to the fact that not even twenty rainbows could outdo him in reds and blues and yellows. Really, he is positively lurid. Now that I have progressed so far in my black and white studies, I think I will snatch some schemes of color from the mandril.

